

Be Our Guest

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Summary: Simba, Nala and Haiba accidentally injure an old lion, simply known as 'Frank'. They resolve to look after him until he's feeling better, with surprising results...

Chapter 1: Chapter 1: Tojo Pays a Visit

AN: Wow. The last story got more reviews than I expected. I should start replying to you guys now. You raise a lot of interesting questions.

Jcoll: Yes, that 'poor provincial life' bit was a reference to *Beauty and the Beast*. Well done for getting that little snippet. And as for your question: is Haiba bisexual? Well, are you really surprised? The guy's been out with a stick! By the way, thanks for loving my writing style. I love it, too!

StonedMonkey1: You *want* Haiba to steal Nala from Simba? Nah! Simba would kill himself over that! And besides, Haiba would be the least faithful boyfriend in the world. I'd give him two hours before he found a tree that he'd think was more beautiful than Nala. Simba and Nala are sticking together. For now...

Well, that's it from the review highlights. Enjoy the new story! It's a bit of a comedic one, this. After all, there are great tests to come...

Be Our Guest

Chapter One: Tojo Pays a Visit

Tojo had seen and done a lot of interesting things in his time. This ranged from becoming a vampire to finding he was one of only three cubs left in the Pride Lands. Mostly, the cause of all these problems was down to Tama. She certainly caused a lot of mischief before she changed her ways.

That didn't stop Tojo from loving her, though. Not one bit. Ever since he met her, Tojo found her incredibly beautiful, and her personality – even though it was very evil – had an underlying sweetness to it. A sweetness that Tojo could detect instantly. He knew that Tama was always good on the inside. It just took her a little bit of time to realise that.

In fact, it was because of Tama that Tojo was making his way towards Pride Rock that morning. She had insisted on him doing this, even though he assured her there was nothing to worry about. But he would do anything for Tama, so it didn't really matter whatever she asked him to do. He would do it.

Tojo headed towards the den entrance, hoping that Simba and Nala would be in there. However, just before he could go inside, a cub with light-brown fur and blue eyes blocked his path.

"Who the heck are you?" the cub asked.

Tojo just stared at him. "What do you mean, who the heck am I? Who the heck are *you*?"

"Prince Haiba," Haiba introduced himself. "Whatever you're selling, we're not buying."

"Get out of my way!" Tojo pushed past him and walked into the den, where he could see Simba and Nala listening at the wall, like they were trying to figure out something.

"Don't tell me, this must be Tojo," said Haiba, pointing to him with a claw.

Simba gave Tojo a smile. "Hey, Tojo. How are you?"

"Good," Tojo replied, smiling back. "But, um, what about you? Are you all right? None of your legs have fallen off, have they?"

Nala narrowed her eyes at him. "Why would they?"

"Well, that's a relief. You see, Tama was practising some of her magic powers yesterday, and needless to say, one of them went kinda wrong. She sent me here to make sure you weren't on fire, or anything like that," Tojo explained.

"Well, we're just fine," Nala assured him, putting a paw around Simba's shoulder, hugging him close to her. "Still in love. No different from usual," she said, grinning.

"Aw, sweet," said Haiba, pointing to Simba and Nala. "Look at these two. How come I never get any of that?"

"Fall in love with me first," Simba replied, looking back at him.

"You're such hard work," Haiba told him.

"But worth it," Simba declared, a self-satisfying grin on his face.

"So what are you doing in here on a nice day like this?" Tojo asked the two. "And who the heck's this guy?" he asked, pointing to Haiba. "I mean, I don't mind you two lunatics hanging out with each other."

"Hey!" Simba exclaimed, giving Tojo a disapproving glare.

Tojo turned his attention to Haiba. "But this guy, I don't know, he's kind of..."

"Handsome?" Haiba suggested with a smile.

"More like cheesy," Tojo responded, still staring at him in amazement. This guy really was something else.

"Is cheesy good or bad?" asked Haiba, narrowing his eyes in thought.

"It's bad," Tojo assured him, nodding.

"But bad means good, isn't that right?" Haiba said, grinning.

"Are you saying I'm not handsome?" said Simba, looking offended. "You won't find a more adorable cub than me."

"I'd beg to differ," Haiba retorted. "I may have been slapped in the face too many times to count, but that still doesn't detract from how undeniably beautiful I am." His grin widened. "You should have seen me as a baby. Back when I was a little girl."

"*What?*" Tojo exclaimed, his eyes widening.

"*Anyway,*" Simba chimed in, trying to avoid this kind of conversation. "Maybe me and Nala should explain what we're trying to do."

"Good idea," Nala agreed, heading over to the wall. "According to one of Simba's 'true' stories—"

"It *is* a true story," Simba insisted with a sigh, rolling his eyes. "You see, there's an old legend that says there are *two* dens at Pride Rock, not one. But one of the dens was sealed up because there was 'too much power' inside or something like that."

"So his plan is to break through the wall and make himself a god," Nala finished. "Being the future King just isn't enough, is it, Simba?"

"Well, there's nothing else to do," Simba replied with a shrug, tapping the den wall. "Seems pretty hard to me. It's gonna take a lot to break through."

"I think he's being ridiculous," said Nala, looking at Tojo. "That's your problem, Simba. You have an overactive imagination. There's no way there's a secret den behind that wall."

Simba bared his teeth, a determined look on his face. "We'll just see about that!" he exclaimed, before jumping at the wall. *Smack!* He slid down to the ground, a dazed look on his face. "Yeah," he said, rubbing his aching head. "That was a pretty stupid thing to do."

"Do you believe me now that there's no secret den?" Nala asked.

Simba nodded. "Yep. The fact that it feels like my head is about to explode proves that."

"Do you want a hug?" Nala offered.

"That'd be great."

Nala walked over to Simba and gave him a warm hug. "Somehow a hug always manages to make you feel better," said Nala, smiling as she embraced him.

Haiba looked at Tojo. "You can hug me if you like," he said with a smile.

Tojo chuckled nervously in response. Haiba just stared at him. "No. Seriously. You can hug me."

"What is this guy's problem?" Tojo asked. "Just what are you a prince of? The Flirt Lands?"

Haiba chuckled in response. "I wish."

"Oh, ignore him, he's teasing you," Simba replied, getting to his paws. "That's Haiba. He moved in here a couple of days ago after an incident involving a neverending war that... Um, *ended*. So ever since then we just kind of... let him hang around us."

"Hey, I'm an important member of this team," Haiba told them. "I have experience in the field. I have a lot of stories to tell."

"Most of them romantic," Simba added. "If you thought I was cocky, then Haiba's ten times worse. Like my evil cousin or something."

"I actually had an evil cousin. For some reason he was always after world domination. But then I think he got eaten by a frog." He shrugged. "Weird, isn't it?"

"I'll say," Nala replied.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2: Time to Kill

Chapter Two: Time to Kill

Simba, Nala, Haiba and Tojo left the den, breathing in the fresh morning air of the Pride Lands. "So that leaves us with nothing to do, which means we've got time to kill," Simba said, his eyes scanning the beautiful surroundings laid out before them. "Ideas, anyone?"

The three cubs shrugged in response. "Not really," Nala replied. "I guess we could check out what's going on down at the water hole."

"Is that where the cubs hang out?" Haiba asked. "I could do with a date tonight. It's been ages since I've had one."

"Is your mind just totally focused on getting a girlfriend?" Tojo asked, his eyes narrowing.

"Well, it doesn't have to be a girl," Haiba retorted. "It can be a boy, plant, tree, stick, or any other form of life. And in one very weird case, a rock. Didn't get too much excitement out of that one."

"Look, let's just take a walk, okay?" Simba suggested, making his way down Pride Rock. "It's one of those days where nothing happens – and believe me, I hate those. Oh, well, I could always get Nala to beat me up. I could *pretend* something bad is happening that way."

"I don't think I'm going to beat you up just so you can enjoy yourself," Nala told Simba, shaking her head as she followed him. "You've got serious issues, Simba. If you want adventure, then go find it."

"But I don't know where to look!" Simba complained. "I need someone to do it for me! Haiba – knock me out!"

"If you insist," Haiba gripped Simba tightly on the shoulder. His eyes rolled into the back of his head and he fell to the ground, unconscious. Haiba smiled, looking back and forth between Nala and Tojo, who had shocked expressions on their faces. "Grand Lands Death Grip. My mother taught me that a while back."

Nala's eyes widened. "You've *killed* him?" she exclaimed worriedly, looking down at Simba's motionless body.

"No. If I wanted to kill Simba then I would have gripped him harder," Haiba explained. "I just gripped him enough to knock him out for a little while, that's all." He chuckled. "Did you actually think I would have killed him? You must think I'm insane."

"About time he realised," Tojo remarked. He gestured to Simba's fallen body. "What about Simba? Doesn't look like he'll be waking up any time soon. What can we do with him?"

"We'll just carry him," Haiba replied, before picking up Simba and putting him on his back.

"He looks dead," Tojo commented, noticing Simba's position. "Like, really, *really* dead."

"It'll be fine," Haiba assured him, before walking away. "Come on. Let's get to this water hole before all the cubs find someone else to kiss."

"This just doesn't look right," Nala said, shooting a nervous glance at Simba on Haiba's back. "It looks like we're carrying a dead body!"

"Come on," Haiba urged, quickening his pace. "It does *not* look like a body." He grunted. "Simba's a bit heavy, isn't he? I'll have to put him down for a minute." He put Simba down on the ground, so he was laying on his stomach, his paws up in the air.

Haiba then looked up to see a lioness standing a few feet away from them, a disturbed look on her face. Smiling nervously, Haiba waved at her. "Good morning," he greeted her. A sneaky look in his eyes, he turned to Nala. "Nala, fetch the sharp stick. Simba must be sacrificed." He tossed his head back and let out a maniacal laugh, startling the already disturbed lioness.

Nala gave the lioness a reassuring smile. "It's j-just a joke. He was..."

The lioness looked down at Simba's motionless body, frowning.

"He's not dead," Nala told her. "I know what you're thinking. If I'm not a murderer, then why am I denying being a murderer when you didn't even ask if I was a murderer? Well, that's a very good question, actually, so... why can't I give you a

straight answer?" Nala was breathing heavily now, beginning to panic. "Well... You're making me nervous with all your questions, quite frankly!"

The lioness shook her head and walked away, not knowing what to think of this horrific situation.

"She thinks you're a murderer, doesn't she?" Tojo asked, watching the lioness leave.

Nala nodded. "Yep." She turned to Haiba, who was snickering. "What did you do that for? She thinks we're dangerous killers, now!"

Haiba shrugged. "It's fun scaring people. My Uncle Hila scared so many people in his life that he got extremely paranoid that *he* was the next person who was going to be scared. Then one day he saw a leaf fall down on the ground in front of him and had a heart attack. Needless to say, Uncle Hila is no longer with us." He smiled, before continuing to walk. "So, water hole? Fun, yeah?"

Nala sighed and shook her head, picking Simba up and putting him on her back. "Depends if you like swimming or not. Other than that, all you can do is bake yourself to death out in the hot sun."

"Reminds me of that time when Tama took me to the beach," said Tojo. "She only took me there so she could lay out in the sun. I thought I was just gonna be a puddle by the end of the day!"

"It's actually quite windy today," Nala noticed, looking around. "Makes a change, I guess. It hasn't rained for weeks."

"Feels like it *never* rains in the jungle," replied Tojo. "It's actually very cool there. You don't have to worry about melting to death. Tama actually picked somewhere *decent* to call her home. Well, *our* home."

"How long are you here for, Tojo?" Haiba asked. "Before you have to go back to your 'so cool, it's hot' home?"

Tojo shrugged in response. "Whenever I like. I might just stick around for a while. See what's going on."

"Which won't be much," Nala remarked flatly. "Unless we suddenly get sentenced to death for killing Simba. And we'll know who to blame on that one," she said, glaring at Haiba.

"Hey, I'm innocent in this!" Haiba declared.

"No, you're not!" both Nala and Tojo exclaimed at the same time.

"You're the one who started talking like a maniac in front of that lioness!" Nala told him. "Really, if we get in trouble, then I'm pinning the blame on you."

"Why is it always the new guy who gets blamed for everything?" Haiba asked wonderingly.

"Because you knocked Simba out!" Tojo replied.

"He *told* me to!" Haiba retorted. "If anything, I'd say it was Simba's fault for telling me to do that to him in the first place." He smiled. "So my first statement was right – I *am* innocent. See? I can be smart when I feel like it."

"Not a lot of the time, then," Tojo joked with a smile as they arrived at the water hole. He leant over the edge and swished his paw around in the water. "Not too cold today. It's almost like the perfect morning."

"Aside from Simba being knocked out and Haiba being completely insane, it's just great!" Nala exclaimed sarcastically. "You'd just better hope he wakes up soon, otherwise we're *really* in trouble!"

AN: Haiba's only been around for a few days and *already* he's causing trouble. What can these cubs possibly get up to next? You'll see. So, keep those nice reviews coming. I love hearing from you!

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: Slave For a Day

AN: Ah... and now it's time for our favourite cubs to commit an extremely sadistic act that will haunt them for the rest of their lives. Isn't childhood just joyous? But hey – it's nice to see that you're all warming to Haiba. If you *didn't* like him then the rest of this series would go completely down the drain! And don't worry, his bisexuality will never 'go crazy'. Otherwise these stories would all have M ratings... Anyway, review replies.

Jcoll: Yes, my humour is very dry, isn't it? And... quite sadistic, actually. If you think about it. And in reply to your suggestion about doing a series with Simba and Nala as teenagers: I don't think so. I tried stuff with 'sexy potential' on my other account, and trust me, it wasn't good. I'm sticking with this, because if I made a series with them being teenagers then it would just be a series full of complaints. Sorry!

KShara Khan: No, they can't do anything simple. It'd be very boring, otherwise! Ha-ha!

That's it for now. Enjoy your two chapters!

Chapter Three: Slave For a Day

"He isn't waking up!" Nala said through gritted teeth, staring down at Simba's lifeless body. "If you've killed him..."

"I haven't killed him! I know exactly what I'm doing!" Haiba declared. "If I wanted to kill him, then I *would* have killed him."

"If only you knew how to wake him up as well as knock him out," said Tojo hopefully.

"Oh. Why didn't you say so?" Haiba replied, before gripping Simba's shoulder. His eyes snapped open, and Simba looked around, confused. "There."

"You mean you knew all this time how to wake him up and you never bothered to tell us?" said Nala, staring at Haiba angrily.

"Um... yeah," Haiba agreed. "Sorry about that. I had other, more important things on my mind."

"Like what?" both Nala and Tojo asked at the same time.

"Stuff," Haiba responded. "Very, important stuff that I was thinking about." Nala and Tojo just rolled their eyes at him.

"What happened?" Simba groaned, his head lolling about the place. "Who knocked me out?"

"You can blame Haiba for that," Nala answered, pointing at Haiba. "He's the one who used his stupid Grand Lands Death Grip on you."

"It's not stupid!" Haiba argued. "It can actually be very useful in a battle situation."

"Yeah, and if you're not careful then I'll be using my Pride Lands Throat Slit on you!" Nala threatened, extending her claws at him. "Cause that can be very useful in a battle situation, too!"

Simba wearily got to his paws, struggling to stand up. "I'm okay," he assured them. "I'm okay." He stood right up, and frowned. "No, I'm not," he said, before slumping to the ground again.

"Look what you've done to him!" Nala shouted, pointing to Simba. "You've melted half his brain! Now he can't even stand up, and it's all thanks to you!"

"Are you seriously going *that* far?" Haiba retorted, raising an eyebrow. "Do you *really* think the Grand Lands Death Grip has the power to melt brains?"

"I don't know!" Nala replied. "You're a weird guy! I don't know *what* you can do! For all I know, you might know how to make people explode!"

"Well, actually—"

"What is wrong with my head?" Simba muttered to himself, putting a paw to his forehead. "It feels like someone keeps jumping up and down on it."

"Yeah, well, that happens sometimes," Haiba explained. "The Grand Lands Wakeup Grip plays a few tricks with your

head – but you should be fine in a few minutes or so. See?" he said, turning to Nala. "He'll be back to normal in no time. Or... as normal as Simba can get."

"Hey!" Simba exclaimed, shooting Haiba a disapproving look. "You don't see me making fun of how normal *you* are!"

"I'm not normal at all, Simba," Haiba announced with a grin. "It just makes me a very original person, that's all. You wouldn't get this from any other cub."

"Can't really argue with him on that one," Tojo remarked, looking down at the ground. "So far it's been everything *but* normal."

"Well, it's a lot better than sitting here doing nothing," Haiba countered. "Or is that what you want?"

"Someone help me up," said Simba, holding out a paw. Nala took it and helped him to his paws. "Thank you." He grinned at her. "Hey – I've got an idea!" he declared excitedly.

"Does it involve three elephants and a turtle?" Haiba asked. "Because I've already tried that one before."

"Um... no," Simba replied, his eyes widening slightly. "I was actually going to say that we should have a competition to see who is the best swinger."

"Well, I'll *definitely* win that—" Haiba clamped a paw over his mouth. "Oops. Can't say about that. Maybe when you're older."

Simba pointed to a long vine that was dangling from a tree branch, close to the edge of the water hole. "See that vine?" Everyone else nodded. "Well, whoever swings from one edge to the other first gets to have everyone else as their slave for the day."

"My mind is already *reeling* with possibilities," said Haiba. "In other words – you're on."

"Count me in too," said Nala, joining Simba by his side.

"Believe me, I've already dabbled in slavery before," Tojo told them. "It isn't pretty." A sneaky smile then spread across his face. "Which is why I have to win this – so I can enslave you all!" He let out a maniacal laugh, tossing his head back.

Simba, Nala and Haiba stared at him with wide eyes. "You're really weird, Tojo," Nala told him.

Tojo had a disheartened look on his face. "I know."

"I'll go first," Simba announced, walking over to the tree. "Because the Prince *a/ways* gets to go first."

"But I'm a prince," Haiba interjected.

"And so am I," Tojo chimed in.

"And I'm a *princess*," Nala added.

"Okay, okay, so maybe this isn't working. Let's just do it in alphabetical order," Simba suggested. "Which means..." He frowned. "Haiba. You get to go first."

"All right!" Haiba exclaimed triumphantly, heading over to the tree. "Say goodbye to your freedom, losers!" He laughed. "This is going to be more fun than that time where I almost ended up eating myself!"

"Just be careful," Simba warned. "One wrong move and you could end up *plunging* into the water hole." He smiled. "And you don't get a second turn."

"Just watch me," Haiba replied confidently. "You'll never see someone swing from one place to the other more perfectly than me."

"We'll see," said Simba, narrowing his eyes. Simba was always overconfident when it came to contests. Back when he and Nala were just best friends, they were always trying to one-up each other. Whether it was playing tag, or Pinned Ya, or even something as simple as hide-and-seek! Of course, the reality was that Nala almost always won – but that was only because Simba had a crush on her, and couldn't *bear* to see her lose!

Haiba put the vine in his mouth, and bit down hard on it. "Here goes nothing," he said, before running as fast as he could and leaping from the edge of the water hole, swinging across it with ease. He couldn't help but laugh victoriously. "So

long, suckers!" he said, accidentally letting the vine slip out of his mouth. "Oops."

Haiba landed on something soft on the other edge of the water hole. Slowly, he slid to the ground, dazed. "Ow..." He shook his head and looked around, before he realised what he had landed on.

It was a lion. An *elderly* lion, to be exact. He had tanned fur and a slightly discoloured dark-brown mane. "Oh, no," Haiba said, before looking at Simba, Nala and Tojo across the water hole. "What have you done?"

***Chapter 4*: Chapter 4: Somewhere to Stay**

Chapter Four: Somewhere to Stay

Simba, Nala, Haiba and Tojo stared down at the lifeless body of the old lion, their eyes wide. They couldn't believe this had just happened. It was supposed to be a quiet day, and now it had all suddenly turned into tragedy.

"You've killed him!" Simba shouted, pointing accusingly at Haiba.

"It wasn't my fault!" Haiba argued. "What did you want me to do, suddenly jump to the side while I was in the air? He shouldn't have gotten in the way!"

Tojo chuckled nervously, backing away. "Well... this was a lovely day and all, but I think I should be going right now. I think I can hear Tama calling me." Tojo pretended to hear something from afar, and then nodded. "Yeah. She wants me. Right now. See ya!" With that, Tojo sprinted away from all the commotion.

Simba watched him leave. "Hey, you can't just... Oh, come on!" he exclaimed angrily. "Can this day get any worse?"

"Oh..."

The three cubs simultaneously looked down to see the old lion rolling about on the ground, moaning in pain. "He's alive!" Nala cried, not sure whether to feel happy or sad about it. "Should I laugh or should I cry?"

"We'll have to take him somewhere," Simba decided. "Look at the poor guy, he can't even walk. And besides, it'll look like we've killed him if we just leave him there."

"Where are we gonna take him?" Haiba asked. "We can't take him back to Pride Rock – your parents will kill you!"

Simba nodded. "I know." Suddenly, an idea popped into his head. "I've got it! Let's just put him in an empty cave somewhere. That way he'll be safely out of view." He grinned. "I am a genius."

"Yeah, now the only problem is getting him *into* the cave," said Nala, eyeing the fallen lion up and down. "We can't exactly carry him on our backs."

"Well, Nala can carry him by his front paws, and Haiba can carry him by his back paws," Simba suggested. "Easy."

Nala didn't look convinced. "If you say so. Haiba, you heard the cub. Let's do this."

Haiba nodded. "Okay." He picked the lion up by his hind paws, and Nala picked him up by his forepaws. "Man, this guy is heavy!" he grunted, struggling to hold the lion up.

Simba started to walk away. "Come on. I'll run ahead and find a cave while you carry him." He bounded off, in search of somewhere the lion could stay at.

Nala and Haiba slowly carried the lion away from the water hole, straining to keep a hold of him. This was harder than they thought... So much for Simba and his great plan! He wasn't even helping to carry the lion!

As they carried the lion away, they passed the lioness from earlier. Nala stared at her, shocked. "It's... It's not a body," she told her, trying to smile reassuringly.

"Yes, it is," Haiba interjected.

"Yeah, but he's not dead yet," Nala replied. "Not that we're planning anything," she said to the lioness, before she and Haiba carried the motionless lion away. "It'll be fine. It was just an accident. We didn't mean him any harm—"

The two cubs weren't looking where they were going, and had accidentally let a tree get in the way of their path, causing the lion to smack right into it, rolling to the ground.

"Oh..." the old lion moaned even louder.

Nala and Haiba stared at each other. "It's not really our day, is it?" said Haiba.

"In here!" Simba gestured for Nala and Haiba to carry the lion into a medium-sized cave he had found. It was just on the outskirts of the Pride Lands, so no one was likely to come looking around.

"Ow..." the lion groaned in pain, as Nala and Haiba lowered him to the ground inside the cave.

"Took a nasty fall, didn't you?" said Nala, staring down at him sympathetically.

"Who are you?" the lion asked, staring up at Nala, a worried look on his face. "What do you want from me?"

"It's all right," Haiba replied, giving the lion a friendly smile. "That's just Nala."

The lion screamed, his eyes widening in fright at the sight of Haiba. "It's you! It's the attacker!" he cried.

Haiba shook his head. "No, no, I'm not an attacker," he assured the lion.

"You can take my mane," the lion told him. "You can take it, as long as you promise not to crush me again."

"Oh, no, I didn't crush you," Haiba lied.

Simba then nodded. "Yeah. We saved you from some maniac who was swinging across the water hole. But don't worry, because I remember what he looked like," he assured the lion, before shooting an angry glare at Haiba. "And if I ever catch him again then he's going to wake up with no legs!"

"You're not going to take my mane, then?" the lion asked.

"No," the three cubs replied at the same time, shaking their heads.

"Oh, sorry. I misjudged you," said the lion, an apologetic look on his face. "You see, I'm not as young as I used to be." He suddenly looked very weak and vulnerable. "And these upsets can be very serious at my age."

"Well, look..." Simba joined the lion by his side. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Frank," he told them

"Frank?" Simba looked surprised. "What a strange name. But Frank, maybe you could... maybe you could stay here tonight?"

"What?" both Nala and Haiba exclaimed, their eyes wide.

"We can't just let him leave!" Simba told them. "What if he hurts himself out there?"

"Excuse me," Frank interjected. "I don't want to be any trouble, so I'll go right to the King, and tell him everything that happened. I'm sure he can find somewhere for me to stay."

"Um..." Simba suddenly looked very worried. He couldn't have his parents finding out about this. They'd *murder* him!

"Look, I'm sure here will be fine."

Simba, Nala and Haiba exchanged glances between each other, unsure of what trouble they had gotten themselves into.

"Hello," said Nala, joining Frank by his side. She grinned innocently at him. "I mean you no harm. How are you?"

Frank sounded very frail and weary. "I'm... I'm all right, thank you. I think I'll be leaving soon."

Nala suddenly thought of an idea. "Hey. Simba, why don't we get that friend of your Dad's to help? You know, that monkey doctor guy?"

"No doctors!" Frank suddenly cried.

"No doctors!" Simba and Haiba exclaimed, worried looks on their faces.

"I don't like doctors!" Frank said, his eyes wide.

Simba tried to calm him down. "Look, why don't you let me make you comfortable?" he offered. He tried to lift Frank up by his back, and got a loud howl of pain in return.

"Ow!"

"Okay, so maybe not," said Simba, backing away.

"My back!" Frank groaned, wincing.

"You just need to rest a little bit, that's all," Simba told him, trying his best to be positive.

"You stay there," Haiba instructed, pointing to where Frank lay.

Simba nodded. "Yeah. Stay as long as you like."

"*What?*" Nala cried, turning to Simba suddenly.

"Oh... I'm going to be a terrible burden to you," Frank told the three cubs.

"No, no, no," said Nala, shaking her head and smiling warmly at him. "You're a lovely... burden. If there's anything you need, just ask, and I'm sure that Simba here will be happy to get it for you. If you'll excuse me, I need to go and lie down for a few hours." Nala turned around and headed out of the cave.

"Is there anything I can get you now?" Simba asked Frank. "Anything? Just ask."

"Well... I could use a few soft leaves to lie on," Frank replied. "To make this place a bit more comfortable."

"Yeah." Simba nodded. "We'll get some leaves for you right now."

Simba and Haiba turned to leave. "Wait," said Frank.

"What is it?" said Haiba, turning back to him.

"Thirty-eight leaves," Frank instructed.

"Huh?" the two cubs exclaimed.

"Thirty-eight leaves is the exact amount I need. Any less and it's not soft enough. Any more and it's *too* soft."

Simba smiled and nodded. "Sure."

"And if you're hungry, then I can get Simba to hunt down some food for you," Haiba offered. "He's good with his claws."

"What?" Simba mouthed.

"That'd be great," Frank responded, smiling. "I'd like that."

Simba and Haiba turned to leave, when Frank spoke again. "Oh, and another thing..."

"Oh, what now?" Haiba exclaimed angrily, turning back to Frank. He quickly gave him a friendly smile. "Oh, sorry. What is it?"

"I just wanted to say thank you," said Frank.

Simba grinned. "It's no problem." *Although I doubt that means much*, he added silently.

AN: Ha-ha! I'm loving this. Frank's already got them running round in circles! Can it get worse? You bet. It's been getting worse for the last twenty-nine stories. Why stop now, eh?

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: Out of Here

AN: Here I am, raring to go with two more chapters again. But first, the review replies.

blaurgh: No, I didn't run out of cool African names. There's loads left in my head! Frank is called Frank for a reason. Mostly for comedy purposes, though. And I know – I *should* never stop!

kora22: Nice to see Haiba's one of your favourite characters! There'll be plenty more of him this series!

So, that's it for now. On with the show! Or... story. Whatever.

Chapter Five: Out of Here

It was the next morning, and Simba had completely worn himself out, doing everything that Frank had asked him to do. He'd found exactly thirty-seven soft leaves for Frank to lay on, and actually managed to hunt down a zebra for him to eat. Luckily, Haiba's Grand Lands Death Grip wasn't just limited to lions...

Simba had just woken up, having slept outside the cave last night. He still felt tired, even though he'd been sleeping for hours.

"Nala?" Simba stumbled to his paws, clearly looking exhausted. "Nala? Where are you? I need someone to complain to." He looked around, and spotted Nala lying facedown on the ground. "What are you doing?" he asked, running over to her.

"Resisting the urge to throw myself off the nearest cliff," she replied, pushing her face further into the ground. "I'm tired, Simba. Very, very, very tired. So far we've been accused of murder, injured an innocent lion, and now we've been forced to look after him in a cave!" she exclaimed. "Can it really get any worse?"

"It'll be okay," Simba assured Nala, sitting down on the ground next to her. "Don't worry. We'll get through this. I'm sure we won't have to look after Frank for very long. He'll be up on his paws in no time."

Nala looked up at him. "Do you really think so?" she asked, hopeful.

Simba looked a little bit unsure. "Oh, yeah. Definitely. No doubt about it. We might just have to look after him for another day or two."

"A *day or two*?" Nala exclaimed, her eyes widening. "Oh... I don't know how much more of this I can take. My mother always said not to cause trouble. I should have listened to her. I never listen, that's my problem."

"Calm down," Simba told her. "You're just stressed, that's all. I can't really say I blame you. But don't worry – it'll all get better soon. I promise." He put his paw on her shoulder.

"You promise?" said Nala, staring into his auburn eyes.

Simba smiled. "Have I ever let you down?" he replied. "Besides, it's only one old lion," he said, shrugging. "How hard can it possibly be?"

"Wait a minute." Nala looked around, confused. "Where's Haiba? Please don't tell me he ditched us."

"I don't know where he is." Simba looked around. "I haven't seen him since last night, when I hunted down some food for Frank to eat. You could have helped me with that, by the way."

"I'm not a powerful lioness, Simba," Nala informed him. "I can't exactly hunt like an expert."

"Hey, I did it!" Simba declared, looking slightly proud. "Have you any idea how hard it is to catch a zebra? I had to climb onto an elephant's back, and then jump from it onto the zebra's back. Then I had to ride it for, like, five minutes, until Haiba showed up and used his Grand Lands Death Grip on it. And then there was the matter of cutting it up... Well, I left that to Haiba. I didn't want to get my fur dirty with all the blood and guts." A thoughtful look suddenly appeared on his face. "Come to think of it, we eat a *lot* of disgusting things, don't we?"

Nala couldn't help but giggle at his story. "You hunting down a zebra. I wish I was there to see that. But I was too busy having a nervous breakdown, and that's never a good thing at my age. A cub has to look out for herself."

"Hey!" Haiba ran over to the two. "There you are! I've been looking all over the place! What are you doing?"

"Talking," Simba replied. "I was just telling Nala about our little hunting adventure."

Haiba smiled. "You shouldn't have gone away when I cut open that zebra. Just slurping up all those salty fats is tasty enough..." He licked his muzzle. "Yum, yum."

Simba and Nala shot disgusted looks at each other. "Yuck!" Simba exclaimed, sticking his tongue out. "Did Frank actually eat that?"

Haiba nodded. "I think so. But hey – what is up with that Frank guy? He seems a little... strange, if you know what I mean."

"Yeah," Nala agreed, nodding. "And what kind of a name is Frank? Sounds *really* weird. It's like one of the least normal names in the world. Why can't he have a normal name, like Nala, or Simba, or—"

"Hujambo," Haiba finished. "Can't get more normal than that."

"I think we're just being a little suspicious," said Simba. "Does *everyone* we meet always have to be up to something? I think he's just a regular guy. Well, an *old* regular guy, but you get what I'm saying."

Haiba shrugged in response. "Maybe you're right. We should check on him. You never know – he might have suddenly died during the night."

"Don't say things like that!" Nala snapped, getting to her paws. "That just makes me feel even *more* worried!"

The three cubs headed towards the cave. They could have sworn they saw Frank hopping about triumphantly inside the cave, but then when they got closer they realised he was still lying on the ground.

"Frank?" Simba called, peeking his head inside the cave.

"Come in," Frank said weakly.

"Good morning," Nala greeted him, walking inside the cave. "How are you feeling today?" she asked, a friendly smile on her face.

"I think I feel better," Frank replied, trying to get up. "I'll be on my way. *Oh!*" Frank suddenly collapsed to the ground, wincing in pain. "Ah! No, no, no... oh, no. I'm not as clever as I thought. Don't worry – I'll be fine."

Simba smiled. "Good."

The three of them walked out of the den. "There's nothing wrong with him," Nala decided. "And he's just making us exhausted. I want him out of here," she told Simba and Haiba firmly.

"No, no, no!" Simba and Haiba exclaimed, shaking their heads.

"But it'd break his heart," Simba said. "And we'll look like nasty, mean, evil cubs who don't want to do anything for anyone. And that's not true! We're nice cubs! Not like the rest of those bloodsucking vultures who hang around the water hole!"

"I don't care!" Nala shot back. "If we keep doing this then we're going to end up *dead* by the end of the week!"

"But it's Saturday," Haiba pointed out. "The end of the week is tomorrow."

"*Exactly!*" Nala exclaimed, her eyes widening. "I can't keep doing this. There are more important things to worry about!"

"Like what?" Simba asked, looking unconvinced.

"Sleep!" Nala replied. "I've barely slept! Frank and his loud snoring kept me up all night! It's almost as bad as you when you were a teenager!"

"That doesn't make any sense," said Haiba, confused. "How can Simba go from being a teenager to—"

"This is no time to look back on our memories!" Nala interrupted. "It's decided. I want Frank out of here by today. And if you don't, then you'll be very sorry. You won't like me when I'm angry."

Simba nodded. "Yeah," he said, before whispering in Haiba's ear. "It's not pretty." He smiled at Nala. "Don't worry. I'll take care of it. You won't have to lift a claw."

"Are you sure?" Nala asked.

Simba gave her one of his best cheesy grins. "Trust me."

Chapter 6: Chapter 6: Just Do It

Chapter Six: Just Do It

"Now, are you sure about this?" Simba asked Nala, before she pushed him towards the cave. Needless to say, he wasn't exactly happy about telling Frank he'd have to leave. He was a good person! It just sounded... cruel. Especially to such a nice lion like him. He'd been seriously injured because of them – the least they could do was look after him until he was feeling better!

"Come on! Just do it!" Nala ordered, pushing him forward. "I thought you were the bravest cub in the world. This is nothing compared to all the other things you've done," she told him. "It should be easy." She glared at him. "Right?"

Simba turned to look at Nala. "Look, Nala, it's not that I don't want to do it, it's just that—" He cut himself off when he saw the cold stare Nala was given him. "Um... okay. I'll do it." He gave her a nervous grin. "No problem at all."

Nala smiled. "Good. Now just go in there, tell Frank that he needs to leave, and everything will be fine. We can go back to having fun adventures where we almost end up dying horrible, painful deaths. Okay?"

"Just try not to think too much about it," Haiba advised. "That tends to be the best thing to do. Keep your emotions out of it, and it'll be easy."

"And since when were you so great at giving advice?" Simba retorted, knowing that Haiba hadn't exactly had too much success in his life. Most of it just considered of him being turned down by every cub he tried to have a relationship with.

Haiba shrugged. "I don't know. I just know things. My mother may have been crazy power hungry, but she was still smart. Her words of wisdom shall inspire me for the rest of my life. Except for that *hakuna matata* thing she taught me about." He chuckled. "That just sounds ridiculous."

"Tell me about it," Nala muttered. "It's not exactly fun having your whole soul sucked out of you."

"Could you repeat that last part again?"

"Anyway," Simba interjected. "I think I should be going in. Right now. To tell Frank that... he has to leave. For ever. He can't ever come back. That doesn't sound mean at all, does it?"

"You're not going to change my mind, Simba," Nala stated, closing her eyes and shaking her head. "You're doing this whether you like it or not."

"Hey, I'm the Prince!" Simba argued. "You should be doing everything that I tell you to do!"

"But I'm the Princess," Nala retorted. "And the way things work, ladies come first. So you should be doing what I say. You wouldn't want to make your future Queen upset, would you?"

Simba frowned. "I guess not," he mumbled, before turning around and heading towards the cave. "He's not going to like this at all..."

"Do you think he'll be all right?" Haiba asked, sounding uncertain. Since they didn't know Frank that well, Haiba was unsure of what his reaction could be. He could tear Simba's head off for telling him to leave!

"Of course he'll be all right," Nala assured him confidently. "He's Simba. You think an old lion is going to argue against a cub like him?"

Haiba shrugged. "I don't know. For all we know, Frank could be some kind of mass murderer, hell-bent on destroying the entire royal family. This could all be part of one big, complicated trap."

"Trust me, we've already faced a mass murderer who wanted to destroy the whole royal family," Nala told him. "He was called the Royal Reaper, and I *thought* Simba made him up. Obviously not. And I almost ended up dying! *Again!*"

"But Simba saved you?" Haiba presumed.

"Of course he did," Nala responded. "I trust him with my life. He's rescued me loads of times. And I've rescued him. We help each other out all the time. We were a dynamic duo. And I don't even know what that means."

"But what about me?" Haiba asked. "I'm a part of this, too, you know. It's not a dynamic duo any more."

"Yeah, okay." Nala nodded. "In that case, then we're a terrific trio. Does that sound good enough for you?"

Haiba smiled and nodded. "I like the sound of that. *Very* cool. You come up with the best things to say, Nala."

"I know." She grinned. "I always do."

"So what if Frank *is* a killer?" Haiba wondered. "What if we go in there and find Simba's brains and blood smeared all over the walls of the cave? What do we do then?"

"Well, first I'll rip Frank's throat out," Nala replied, "and then I'll cry for about two thousand years. Does that sound good enough for you?"

Haiba shrugged. "Good answer. At least now we have *some* kind of back-up plan. It's a short one, though."

"But still a plan," Nala pointed out. "A long plan is *not* always a *good* plan. And sometimes it's good not to have a plan at all. Did I ever tell you about the time when Simba almost got ripped open just so a pride could experiment on him?"

"No, but I'd love to hear the story," Haiba replied.

"Maybe later," said Nala. "I'm too tired for storytelling at the moment. First we've gotta deal with this Frank guy. I just don't believe it. How can an old guy like him expect us to look after him?"

"Well, he *is* pretty weak," Haiba told her. "Sometimes old lions can't take care of themselves, so they get other people to do it for them. But I'm sure Frank's not like that. He's just injured, that's all."

"Because of you," Nala retorted, causing Haiba to look offended.

"It wasn't my fault," Haiba said. "He just got in the way when I landed. I wasn't like I *planned* on it or anything."

"No, but you were bragging to us at the time," Nala shot back. "You should have been looking where you were going. That way we wouldn't have gotten into this mess in the first place. It's *your* fault, just like when you kidnapped me."

"I did that for a very good reason!"

"So your mother could take over the pride and kill Simba's parents?" Nala exclaimed. "Yeah. Real great plan, Haiba."

"I'm sorry, okay? I didn't exactly *want* to do it. Times were tough. My mother was very controlling, and she forced me into it. Besides, it's all fine now. No problems at all."

"Except we've got an old lion lying in the middle of the cave," Nala pointed out. "Sounds like a pretty *big* problem to me."

"It'll be fine," Haiba assured her.

Nala raised an eyebrow at him. "*Will* it?"

AN: How's Frank going to take the news? This cliffhanger will have to be resolved tomorrow, like the *other* 35,000 cliffhangers I've left you on. I just *love* teasing my readers!

Chapter 7: Chapter 7: It's Just Not Fair

AN: Time for the hilarious conclusion to this wacky tale. Of course there's a few questions to answer for the reviewers, first, though.

poohbear1212: Will there be another series? If that's what you want!

Reldor: Thanks for the congratulations. I think I can break out the cake after I reach 50,000 cliffhangers.

Now go read the last chapter!

Chapter Seven: It's Just Not Fair

Looking around nervously, Simba stepped into the cave where Frank lay. He still looked as weak and vulnerable as ever. *Oh, this just isn't fair*, Simba thought worriedly. *Poor Frank*.

"Frank?" Simba called, standing over the old lion.

"Yes?" Frank replied, looking up at Simba.

Simba tried to stay tough. He had to be confident. Strong. Powerful. It was either that or suffer the beating of his life from Nala. If he didn't do this, then she would not be a very happy cub... She was right – he *wouldn't* like it when she was angry. "Now, Frank, I'll be frank with you, Frank."

Frank suddenly looked very disappointed with himself. "Oh, I'm so ashamed, Simba," he told him, shaking his head. "I was in a war, you know."

Simba shook his head in response. "Now, come on—"

"The Horrible War," Frank said.

Simba narrowed his eyes. "The Horrible War?" he said, confused. He'd never heard of such a thing.

"They called it the forgotten war," Frank informed him. "But I haven't forgotten it. I was a hero. And now, in my old age, I've come to this – leeching off a polite, decent cub like you." Simba didn't look too convinced. "Oh, you *are* decent. You took me in, fed me, made me comfortable."

"Well, there's no need to mention too much of that, is there?" Simba responded, trying to ignore Frank's attempts to make him look like a very kind cub. *He's so nice!* Simba thought, struggling to keep his tough demeanour. *Why couldn't Nala have done this? It would have been easier for her!*

"And I repay you by leeching off of you," Frank continued. He then pointed at Simba with a claw. "Well, don't you worry. I'm going!"

Simba just stared at him, and gulped nervously.

Simba walked out of the cave, heading over to Nala and Haiba, who had been waiting for him a few feet away from the entrance. He was breathing heavily, and looked extremely nervous.

"Well?" said Nala. "What happened?" she asked, confident that Simba had done what she'd told him to do. This was easy for him. All he had to do was to tell Frank to leave. Could it really be all that hard? Certainly not. At least, not for Simba!

"I was straight with him," Simba replied. "Frank, I said. 'This is how it's gonna be!' I said. 'You're out of the Pride Lands!'" Simba stared into Nala's eyes, smiling, before breaking down. "As soon as you're feeling better."

"Simba!" Nala exclaimed, shaking her head. Really? Out of all the problems Simba had faced, *this* was the one that finally caught him out? Some old lion who was pretending to have a bad back? This was just ridiculous! Nala's *dreams* made more sense than this did!

"Well, you don't understand!" Simba exclaimed, trying to stand up for Frank. "I mean, he's a nice man, really. He died in a war for us!"

"Right, that's it, I'm gonna get rid of him," Haiba declared, standing up. "Don't worry. I'll take care of it personally."

"Good!" Nala said, satisfied. "And don't let him get to you like he did with Simba." She shook her head at Simba, closing her eyes. "I'm very disappointed in you."

Haiba strode towards the cave, a confident expression on his face. *This'll be easy*, he assured himself. *Frank will be out of the Pride Lands within the next ten minutes. I guarantee it.*

"I'll be quite frank, Frank," said Haiba, as he stood over Frank, looking down at him. "Nala told me to tell you this. It's not me. She's just gone a bit crazy because she can't get to sleep. Anyway—"

"You are an honourable cub, Haiba," Frank told him, sounding honest and true. "You remind me of my son."

Haiba wasn't buying into this. Frank was out. For certain. "Now, don't try and glamour me up, Frank—"

"I wouldn't," Frank stated, shaking his head. "I have far too much respect for you. And I have respect for my son. He threw me out, knowing that he wouldn't inherit my beautiful oasis kingdom in the middle of the jungle."

"That's all very well and good, Frank, but—" Haiba's eyes widened, surprised. "What?"

Haiba strode out of the den, whistling a quiet tune to himself as he approached Simba and Nala. He smiled at the two.

"Well?" Simba asked, staring at him.

Haiba's whistle died down, and then he frowned, looking shyly down at the ground. He couldn't do it. Frank was just too nice! What was it about that old lion? He just couldn't throw him out like that! The effect he had on him was unbelievable!

Nala rolled her eyes. "Boys!" she sighed. "Right!" Nala got up, a determined look on her face. If no one else could do this, then she was going to take care of it herself. She wondered why she hadn't thought of that before! So much time could have been saved! *He's out of here, whether he likes it or not!* Nala thought determinedly, as she stormed into the cave, ready to confront Frank.

"You're quite right, dear," Frank told Nala, after she had explained why he had to go. "You don't need an old stray. Not an old, miserable, restless stray, with no one to look after me, love me, feed me, or wrap their paws around me in a big hug. Or stroke my soft little fur."

Nala's eyes slowly widened. *He's just like a baby*, she thought, as a smile formed on her face. *A happy smile. I've got my own baby!* she exclaimed, grinning. *Finally!*

Suddenly, looking after Frank didn't sound like a bad idea after all...

Nala raced out of the cave and over to Simba and Haiba, the widest grin on her face. "My little baby is staying for ever!" she declared, pulling the two cubs close to her, feeling the happiest she'd felt in a long while.

"My little baby?" Simba and Haiba exclaimed at the same time, unable to believe what Nala had just said.

"That's right! We can look after Frank all the time!" she told them. "I'll be just like his mother!"

"Why do I have a very bad feeling about this?" Haiba moaned, looking up at the sky. *Probably because it's all going to end in tears*, he added silently.

Nala strode into the cave the next morning, a wide grin on her face. "Wakey-wakey!" she exclaimed, joining Frank by his side. "I've got your breakfast!" she told him, holding up a big orange.

"Thank you, dear!" Frank replied, taking the orange from Nala and taking a bite out of it. "Haiba's just gone to get some more leaves for me to lie on – since some of them have become too hard now."

"So... are you ready for your bath?" Nala asked excitedly.

"Once I've finished this," Frank replied, munching on the orange.

"Okay. I'll be back in a minute." Nala turned around and headed out of the den. *This is great!* she thought happily. *I finally have a baby of my own!*

"Frank, I've brought you an orange," Haiba said, walking into the cave and heading over to Frank, dropping an orange down on the ground beside him.

"What are you talking about? I've already had one!" Frank protested.

"No, you haven't," Haiba retorted.

"I have!" Frank argued.

"Frank, you're getting forgetful in your old age," Haiba told him. "Now, you're lucky you've got someone like me to look after you. For which I expect no reward whatsoever." Haiba picked up the orange. "Now, open your mouth."

"Wait!" Frank cried. "Could you go and get *two* oranges? One isn't enough for me."

Haiba smiled and nodded. "I'll do that for you right now – while you think about making your last wishes. I don't mind at all if I get a reward or not for being such a caring person to you." He turned around and headed out of the cave, passing Nala on the way.

Nala joined Frank by his side, and noticed the orange on the ground. She shook her head. "Who's been a bad, bad boy?" she said, picking up the orange.

"Eh?" Frank exclaimed, his eyes widening.

"Who hasn't eaten their orange?" said Nala, trying to put the orange in Frank's mouth.

"I don't want any more!" Frank told her.

Nala smiled in response. "Oh, yes, you do. Come on."

"No, no, no, no." Frank shook his head frantically.

Nala dropped the orange. "Oh, all right, then. Turn on your side and I'll give you your bath."

"Have *you* had a bath, though?" Frank asked. "You can't make someone else clean without being clean yourself."

"Silly me!" Nala exclaimed, turning around and heading out of the cave. "I'll just go and do that right now!"

She left the cave, before Simba entered. "Frank?" he called.

"Come in," Frank said, facing away from Simba, who stood just behind him. "Is your tongue nice and warm?"

Simba looked confused. He looked behind him, but couldn't see anyone. *He must be talking about me*, he decided.

"Well, give me a bath, then," Frank instructed.

Simba's eyes widened. *What the...?* he thought, as a horrified expression appeared on his face.

"Come on! Start licking! Don't be shy. I only wanted you to do it. Not the other two."

Simba stared at Frank, and then shrugged. *Here goes nothing*, he thought, sticking out his tongue. He bent down low and gave Frank's fur a lick.

The next thing he heard was Frank screaming at the top of his voice...

"You mustn't leave, Frank," Nala told him, the two of them alone again in the cave. "What if you wandered off and I didn't know where you were?"

Frank looked like he couldn't take any more. "I feel bad," he said.

Nala closed her eyes and shook her head. "No, *I* feel bad."

"No, I *really* feel bad," Frank insisted.

"No, I feel bad!" Nala repeated, sounding disgusted with herself. "I know why you want to leave, it's because I've been neglecting you!"

"No!" Frank cried, shaking his head.

"Yes, it is!" Nala exclaimed. "I've been a selfish, selfish, selfish, selfish cub! Well, from now on, I'm going to be with you *twenty-four* hours a day!"

"I must get away..." Frank mumbled.

Nala grinned, and nodded. "Yes, we must! Just you and me, Frank! We'll live in the jungle together! All on our own!" Frank looked horrified. "I knew you'd be excited!"

Frank was writhing about the place, and eventually, he closed his eyes. His body went limp. He looked totally lifeless.

Nala stared at him, concerned. "Frank? Frank?" A horrified look appeared on her face, and she sprinted out of the cave.

That was just before the cave started to rumble...

"He's *dead*!" Nala cried, racing over to Simba and Haiba, who were sitting outside the cave.

"What do you mean, he's dead?" Simba asked, staring up at Nala.

"What do you mean, what do I mean?" Nala replied, looking close to tears. "I was talking to him about living together in the jungle and he went..." Nala started making a choking sound.

"Just wait there," Haiba instructed, heading over to the cave. "Me and Simba will go and check on him."

"He's probably just fallen asleep," Simba told her, following Haiba into the cave.

"Oh. My. Gosh!" Haiba exclaimed as he entered the cave, staring at all the large rocks that had fallen from the cave ceiling.

Simba looked around, unable to believe what had happened. "Well, where's...?"

And then he saw Frank's dead body. He had been buried under several fallen rocks. He was no more.

"Frank!" Simba cried. "Frank!" He stared at Haiba, wide-eyed. "He's dead. He is. We've killed him! We stuck him in this cave and it fell down! It's all our fault!"

"Simba, calm down, it's all right," Haiba assured him. He looked down at Frank's corpse, and then shot Simba a sheepish look. "I don't suppose you heard him shouting out his last wishes, did you?"

"His *last wishes*?" Simba exclaimed. "Where do you think he said them, while he was *being buried under the rocks*?"

"What are we gonna do about Frank?" Haiba asked.

"Is he dead?" a new voice asked. Simba and Haiba turned around to see an adult lion heading into the den. "What happened?"

"Who are you?" Simba asked the lion. "You're not one of Frank's family, are you?" he asked worriedly.

"No." The lion shook his head. He looked down at Frank's body. "Three months he was with me. Had me doing everything he asked me to. I couldn't take it any more so I just moved away from my old pride, leaving him to fend for himself. I'm just here to check that he really *is* dead."

Simba and Haiba just stared at each other. The two of them both had a feeling that *they* couldn't take much more of this, either.

That night, Simba, Nala and Haiba sat in the corner of the den at Pride Rock, exhausted from that whole ordeal with Frank. "I'm sorry," Nala told them. "I went a little crazy."

"So he *was* pretending," said Haiba. "I knew it. No one like that owns an oasis kingdom in the middle of the jungle."

"I'm just thankful that's it all over," said Simba, collapsing onto his back. "I can actually get a good night's sleep. Finally!"

"There is just one thing, though," said Nala, a thoughtful look on her face.

Simba and Haiba looked at her. "What?" Simba asked.

"Who caused the cave to collapse?"

The End

AN: Wow, that was manic, wasn't it? But with stories like this you're not really surprised, are you?

NEXT TIME: One day while exploring the jungle, Simba discovers an object – an object that can hypnotise anyone who looks at it. Going mad with power, he soon enslaves the entire kingdom. Can anyone stop this corrupted cub?